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# Richmond College Messenger.

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VOL. XIII.

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If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet face  
Before they laid it in its resting place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair,  
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,  
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,  
And fold my hands with lingering caress,  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,  
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped ;  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words would all be put aside,  
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,  
Recalling other days remorsefully ;  
The eyes that chill me with averted glance  
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,  
And soften, in the old, familiar way,  
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay ?  
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends ! I pray to-night,  
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow ;  
The way is lonely : let me feel them now ;  
Think gently of me ; I am travel-worn ;  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn ;  
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead ;  
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night.



### Influence.

Influence is a property possessed by everything. Small as well as great things exert influence. The effect is not always the measure of cause, nor the cause of the effect. Things great in size and in inherent qualities have often produced but little effect; while on the other hand, things of mean aspect have been the cause of radical and widespread change. We find that this is true in the natural, animal, moral, and religious world. All around us we see examples of it. We stand upon the mountain top, with the clouds of superstition, ignorance, and darkness below us, and with clear and unbiased gaze, we look into the working of worlds and calculate the influence of a ray of sunlight or a sprig of grass.

Because a drop of rain falls in the dusty road and is lost to view, shall we say it is of no use? Down, down it sinks until it gathers to itself other drops, and trickles on under the surface toward the stream. On it rolls to the river, to the ocean, there to be taken up by the magic influence of the sun, and to come back again over the land in refreshing showers. Who shall say how many roots it nourished under the ground, or how many mills it helped to turn in the river? Who knows how many boats and ships it helped to float?

It is said in a certain pass in Switzerland the snow is so deep and so well balanced on the peaks above, that the traveller passing along below has been known to be killed by an avalanche from the heights above, brought down by the crack of a whip. Or a shout from the valley is enough to set the air in vibra-

tion, which displaces the evenly balanced snow, and down, down it comes hundreds of feet, carrying death and destruction with it.

When Hellgate was to be blown up, and everything was fixed and in readiness, a little child touching the key of an electric battery turned on the current of electricity which sent the rock and water with deafening noise into the air. There is not a plant that grows or an animal that breathes but has its influence upon the amount of oxygen and carbonic acid in the atmosphere. There is not a thing so small but what is capable of wonderful power. Everything contains, as it were, latent energy. Direct that energy in the right direction, and great change is the result. The cackling of geese saved Rome. What an insignificant thing will do! The well-timed bark of a dog or the cry of a parrot may work wonders and set in motion actions, feelings, and thoughts that only eternity will reveal. There is no more seemingly useless thing than the fly, and yet it is confidently affirmed by the best of authorities that they exert a purifying influence on the air in our rooms. Weeds are considered a most abominable curse; but how hard, dry, and unproductive would the ground become sometimes but for the protection afforded by weeds.

Scientific men say that the tides are caused by the influence of the moon. So influences radiate from actions as distant in time as the moon is in space. Down through the ages they come, some for good, others for bad. This world is like the aspen-tree: do but breathe upon it,



and you set every leaf in motion and start every stem to quivering. History tells us Demosthenes stood upon the sea-shore and trained his voice by speaking to the dashing, noisy billows. Pericles is said to have spoken "like thunder and lightning." And what shall be said in praise of Cicero's oratory? All these, and many an orator of almost equal power in the centuries since, have influenced the breathless multitude by their stately periods and polished oratory. And yet it was but *air*—air in motion. Many a one has been thrilled by the tender melody and delightful strains of a musical instrument. And yet it was but *air*. More frail than the flowers of summer, and yet capable of inspiring, pleasing, and controlling.

Sometimes it is impossible to tell what will be the effect produced by a certain thing. Very often it is just the opposite of what is suspected. So often have

great and influential men sprung from low birth and risen in spite of obstacles and difficulties, that it has almost become an axiom that "obstacles make men." Literary articles are seen on such subjects as the "Advantage of Disadvantages," and books are for sale entitled "From the Log Cabin to the White House."

How significant is a sign or a gesture! Let Peter testify as to the influence of a single look. Did we but know, perhaps we would be astonished to know how often the destiny of nations and the eternal weal or woe of men have been settled by a word. It is stated that in a debating society the question was proposed, "Is Christianity True"; and that Bacon, because no one else was willing, took the negative. The result is too well known to tell it.

W. R. JONES.

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### Language.

There is nothing more widespread than language. It is found in the magnificent palaces of the rich, and in the humble cottage of the poor. And not only is it the possession of men, but even the lower animals have a certain makeshift, which, though hardly worthy of the name of a language, yet it answers all the needs of language. The hen has an entirely different cry for her young when she has found a fat morsel than when she sees a hawk hovering near. But there is a radical difference between this kind of language and that possessed by man. The former is capable of no improvement,

while that of man will and does allow an infinite amount of change.

Language is a necessity for man. He has wants, thoughts, and impulses, and the fact that he is a social being, calls for their expression. Were spoken language denied him, there would doubtless be a full and exhaustive system of signs for thought. Thought seeks expression; man has the inherent capabilities of expression, and therefore man expresses himself. Language is found in the mouths of men wherever they are found. The ignorant tribes of the Dark Conti-



ment have worked out for themselves a language as well as the European.

Language is as much a science as geology and chemistry. The study of languages forms more than half of our college course in America. The advantages of this are evident. In this way we can learn of the manner of life and nature of our ancestors. Language is history. The meanings of words, and the external and internal change they have undergone, all tell us of influences which once moulded or changed the rude dialects of our forefathers.

Just as the geologist digs down in the earth and from his examinations and researches decides without a doubt about the prehistoric period of the earth's crust, so the linguistic student studies the structure and content of language and tells invariably what must have been the condition and character of prehistoric man.

At some remote time in the past, in a remote spot we know not where, men began the science of language. Probably it was three thousand years B. C., and in some part of Asia. But it is of necessity veiled in obscurity, and the most hopeful dare not expect that the time and place will ever be definitely fixed.

Language received a great impetus from the study of the Sanskrit. So that now almost all of the languages of the world have been classified and divided into eight grand divisions. And yet there remain several which defy all definite classification.

We have every reason to believe that the first utterances of man were brief and very few. It is surprising that this fact has offended some, who are always harping on the dignity of language. Surely it does not lower the dignity of a language to say that its beginnings were scanty. No more than it lowers the dignity of man to say that he was once a child. Is the mighty oak any the less able to resist the tempest because it was once a small, tender plant? Does it not rather add to the dignity of language to say that it had small beginnings and grew and developed into the beautiful structure it now is?

Of course this growth and development has been gradual. All normal permanent growth must be a slow process. In nature we see that the things of slowest growth are the most lasting and strongest.

The question of the future of our language has often been the subject of discussion and thought. Let us rest assured that our language in the future will be what we make it. If the American people continue to stand first in arts, sciences, and education, then the English language will continue to spread and improve. But if our people degenerate, so will our language. Let us then, fellow-students, try to exert a salutary influence, so that our language may deserve and hold the high position it has attained.

HATRACK.



**Silence.**

What a strange power there is in silence! As we gaze out into the immensity of space and see thousands of worlds revolving in their orbits without the slightest noise or confusion, all moving century after century in the course that the Maker has laid out for them, we feel that silence is one of those powerful forces in nature that we are unable to comprehend. The mighty cyclone sweeps with almost incredible swiftness over the face of the earth, devastating everything in its course, the roar of its winds can be heard for miles, yet it is preceded by a silence that is appalling in its stillness. The babbling brook dashes down the mountain side, but the great river flows on without a sound.

Silence is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind. Homer compares the noise and clamor of the Trojans advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes when they invade an army of pigmies. On the contrary he makes his countrymen and favorites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular and determined march, and in the depth of silence. We find in the accounts which are given us of some of the more eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought and more elevated rapture than that which we feel in the northern regions of the world, that silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their public devotions are in the greatest fervor, and their hearts lifted up as high as words

can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time in which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell with such secret conceptions as are too grand for utterance. I myself have been wonderfully delighted with a masterpiece of music when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and after a little pause recovered themselves again, as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. This short interval of silence has had more music in it than any for the same space of time before or after it.

Ulysses, who had been the rival of Ajax in his life as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his shade in the region of the departed heroes, makes his submission to him with a humility next to adoration, which the other passes over with dumb, sullen majesty, and such a silence as, says Longinus, had more greatness in it than anything he could have spoken. We read in Virgil that Æneas, finding among the shades of despairing lovers the ghost of her who had lately died for him, with the wound still fresh upon her, addresses himself to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence as to what had happened, all of which Dido receives with the dignity and disdain of a resenting lover, and an injured queen, and is so far from vouchsafing him an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; and



after having kept her eyes some time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his protestations, flew from him into the grove of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.

But silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. All that is incumbent on a man of worth who suffers under so ill a treatment is to lie by for some time in silence and obscurity until the prejudice of the time be over and his reputation cleared.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge full-formed and majestic into the daylight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule. Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is as deep as eternity; speech is as shallow as time.

Cicero said that silence was one of the

great arts of conversation, that there is not an art, but even an eloquence in it. It is in the silence of the midnight hour that the student produces his best thoughts, the inventor brings into existence some wonderful piece of mechanism on which he may have planned for years. Many of the acts of the Almighty are attended with silence.

Never with blast of trumpets,  
And the chariot wheels of fame,  
Do the servants and sons of the Highest  
His oracles proclaim.  
But when grandest truths are uttered,  
And when holiest depths are stirred,  
When our God himself draws nearest,  
The still, small voice is heard;  
He has sealed His own with silence;  
His years they come and go,  
Bringing still their mighty measures  
Of glory and of woe.  
Have you heard one note of triumph  
Proclaim their course begun?  
One voice or bell give tidings  
When their ministry was done?

PERSEVERANDO.

#### Contest for Improvement Medal in Debate.

Question—"Resolved, That the White Man has treated the Negro worse than the Indian." Speech on Negative by Mr. J. HURT WHITEHEAD (Medalist).

*Mr. President and Gentlemen,*—My opponents will no doubt be eloquent in their description of the horrors and cruelty of slavery, and so plausible will be their arguments and so clever their illustrations that I can well see how some might believe them, but how we, who were born and raised in the South, and whose fathers were slaveholders, can believe them is past my comprehension.

Though the negroes were held in slavery they received due wages for their work. It came to them in the form of that maintenance which his master was bound by the law as well as his own interest to bestow upon them.

During childhood they were reared at his expense; in sickness they received maintenance, nursing, and the same medical aid which he provided for his own children, all at his own expense. When they married and had children, their families were provided for by their masters



without one additional toil on their part. When they died, their orphans had in the master's estate an unfailing provision against destitution, and in old age they were certain of a comfortable home, and in any trouble or distress they were certain of a master's help and sympathy; and it is an undisputed fact that while the negroes were in slavery they were better fed, clothed and cared for; that there was less crime, insanity, and poverty, and that they were happier and more contented than they are now. And, gentlemen, though he owes his slavery to the white man, he is indebted to the same race for his freedom and liberty. We have brought him from the wilds of Africa, and rescued him from barbarism and ignorance. We have educated and civilized him, and taught him the religion of the true God. And we have endowed him with all the rights and privileges of a free-born American citizen. And now what more can they ask, or what more can they expect?

But, gentlemen, how different with the Indian. Not many years ago in the places where many of us now live, the wind whistled through the tree-tops and the deer sauntered through the woods. Here lived a nation who had the rightful possession of this country. Beneath the same sun which rolls over us the Indian hunter pursued the deer through the forest. They scanned the rocky peaks in search of game, or caught the finny inhabitants of their mountain brooks. They warred and made peace with one another. They worshipped the true God; although they were not furnished with Bibles and prayer-books, yet it was im-

planted in them, and they could see the God of creation beaming in the last rays which the sun sent forth as he dipped his mighty orb into the ocean behind their western hills; they could see Him in the moon and stars which towered above them like pearls set in the heavens; they could see Him in the brawny oak which defied a thousand storms, and indeed in everything they could trace the power of the God of creation.

But, gentlemen, all this passed away when across the dark sea came a vessel bearing to them the seed of ruin and destruction. Four hundred years have changed the character of a great country, and shut out forever from its face a whole nation. Now but a few degenerate sons survive to remind us of the noble aborigines of this country. As a nation they have been blotted out from the face of the land. Their tomahawk is buried, their cabins are in the dust, their council fires have long since gone out, and their war cry is fast fading to the far, far West. Slowly and sadly they climbed the Rocky mountains, and read their doom in the sun sinking behind its crags. And soon they will hear the thundering of the last storm which will sweep them from the face of the earth forever. And how can any one with any sense of justice or right say that the Negro, who has been kept and supported by the white man, has more cause for complaint against him than the Indian, who has been driven from his own country, deprived of his own hunting grounds, separated from the graves of his forefathers, and indeed banished from everything which he loved and cared for?



## Ambition.

Notwithstanding the many efforts that have been made to crush this element from human nature, the hearts of youth and age continue to swell and sometimes beat in quick succession under the influence of the emotions denominated *ambition*.

When reading or hearing speeches in which the anathemas of the wiser are hurled with the mighty force of oratory and the trenchant style to correct rhetoric, we have sometimes been made to wonder if even the authors of such are entire strangers to this *natural* sentiment.

Shakespeare could write for others—

“Fling away Ambition.  
By that sin angels fell.”

But had not the aspirations of that “*sin*” kindled in his bosom the poetical fire, we had never read the Merchant of Venice or known the charms of Romeo and Juliet.

There is, to be sure, a limit beyond which ambition becomes a curse, but this is not less true of religion.

“All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it?”

Therein lies the result of the good effects of ambition. “Let the ambition be a *noble* one.” So long as ambition is ruled by the reins of wisdom in the hands of righteousness, it will be a power for good. The world will be blessed by its presence.

It was not Cæsar’s ambition that caused Brutus to plunge into his bosom the fatal dagger. It was the lack of control over that ambition.

“Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero,” but he was less wise in directing that ambition.

It is not that Bonaparte was ambitious that he was so dreaded, and that the harsh judgment of the world has been heaped upon him, but it is that his ambition began and ended in the promotion of his own glory. Cotton declared :

“All my ambition is, I own,  
To profit and to please, unknown ;  
Like streams supplied from springs below  
Which scatter blessings as they go.”

Such ambition for greatness in *goodness* is always worthy, and the doer need not, as Cotton declares, seek to be unknown (why does he tell us of it). An ambition to win fame and honor is honorable, and to be cultivated. Only let that fame and honor come from being and doing something that will make the world better.

“There are,” says Burns, “paths that lead to fame, unsullied and undying, up which many great minds have toiled unceasing till death cut the fetters and sent them home.”

These paths were made for use, and have been beaten by the travel of good men since the foundation of the world.

Ambition is the element in human nature that prompts men to attempt the ascent by such paths. It was up these paths that Washington and Hamilton, Adams and Jefferson climbed.

I, no more than any one else, have any sympathy with that degraded ambition which prompts men from servants to make haste to be gods. That is what has well been denominated an ignoble



and sinister ambition, unbecoming in even a brute.

I would be no less violent than any one else in the denunciation of the man whose ambition is to be leader of some gang of highway robbers, to be first in any circle that is a disgrace to enlightened humanity. Nor would I for an instant raise my voice against that ambition that prompts me to be all that, by the grace of God, there can be.

Parents and teachers too often, following the course prompted by the idea that ambition is a sin, use every means in their power to crush it. Their purpose should be to direct and encourage it.

Knowledge is power, rightly used for

good—degraded, for evil; so with ambition. And as a parent or teacher would never think of discouraging the acquirement of knowledge simply because it may be wrongly used, so they should not discourage the cultivation of ambition simply because it may lead into evil. Besides, when ambition is a part of a youth's nature, it is all but impossible to crush it. It will be exercised in some way. In most cases, perhaps, as other traits of character—for evil.

How important, then, that it be properly directed. How much better, too, than to crush it and leave the world without the influence its possession might have wielded. Q.

### True Manhood.

One of the highest ambitions of boyhood and youth is to reach *manhood*. If you wish to call a smile to the countenance of the little urchin, you have only to call him a man. If you wish to provoke two unsuspecting youths to a wrestle or a running match, you have only to assert your belief that one is a better man than the other, and the matter will at once be put to the test. Obviously, attention must be paid to these vital points in order to reach truly developed manhood. First, "The Physical Man" must be developed. For this, of course, there must be a course of physical culture. There are many books professing to be guides to physical development, and to the retention of physical manhood after it is once attained. The reader might be referred to any one of

these as being fairly good of its kind. But is it possible to lay down a series of rules to cover every case? After serious consideration one must be constrained to answer, No. The trainers or "professors" of gymnastics never apply the same methods to two individuals, unless they be physically alike. How many such do we find? There is fully as much diversity in the physical natures of men as in the mental and moral natures of the same. Then, the attempt to reduce physical culture to fixed rules is just as impractical as to try to train all children mentally and morally by fixed rules. These books, then, may be used as text books, but the only rule applicable in all cases is to use common sense. Pay attention, of course, to the development of all your muscles, but let the bulk of cul-



ture go to the development of the weaker. This is often neglected to a greater extent than would be supposed. Young men like to brag. The writer has noticed in our gymnasium here the tendency to develop some particular muscles, as those of the arm or those of the chest for instance, to their utmost capacity, while other and weaker portions of the body are left wholly uncared for. This is so obviously true that the observing man need only go once or twice to visit the free gymnasium where there is no professor to see that certain youths confine themselves almost exclusively to one class of apparatus, while others stick just as closely to other classes, thus giving themselves a one-sided development. "They that are whole need no physician," is just as true in the physical world as in the moral, and is no less true in the seemingly limited sphere of muscles. Let our ambitious youth remember this divine law uttered by a divine man, and make application of it in his physical culture.

Again, one must seek mental development. Much has been said, perhaps more written, on the subject of a well-rounded education. Yet, we go on in direct opposition to the theories set forth as guides for the wayfaring youth. Most of these theories claim as necessary that one should be fairly acquainted with three or four languages and as many or more sciences. We purposely exclude the dwarfed theories that one should find "all in all" in science, or that "all in all" must be sought in language, or that all must be sought in nature. In fact, any theory that would even seem to point to neglect of one of these great branches of study and advise the exclusive pursuit of the other may

be regarded with just suspicion by one who seeks true mental development. How often we hear on the campus the expression, "I dislike mathematics so much; I clearly have no talent for it, and therefore intend to quit studying it and devote my time to something more to my taste." And so it is with many other branches of study. It may be safely said that a stronger reason could not be given for pursuing a branch of study than the fact that we are not partial to such. It is a matter much to be regretted that many, indeed, we may say the majority of young men are compelled by the iron hand of poverty to content themselves with only a partial development of their mental faculties. But it is a matter much more to be regretted that many who have ample means and opportunity excuse themselves from the labor required to make a fully-developed mind on the ground that life is short, and they are anxious to get out into real life. In this way they incapacitate, in a great measure, themselves for ever reaching full manhood. Another error committed by the graduates of most of the institutions of learning is that they imagine their diplomas are signs of their being fully acquainted with the subjects taught, when in fact they are only signs that their minds are but as nicely-prepared soil ready to receive the grains of knowledge to germinate and spring up to bear the rich harvest in the future.

While a knowledge of the various branches of learning usually taught is necessary to a thorough preparation of the soil, it is far better to seek the cultivation of only one kind of seed. In order to attain any degree of distinction, it is absolutely necessary for one to de-



vote all his energies to one field of investigation. But the great trouble is that most men content themselves with the preparation, and never even attempt to cultivate. The result being that a mass of briars and weeds spring up instead of fruit. Let the ambitious youth make a thorough preparation of the soil, and then diligently cultivate such branches of knowledge as may be best suited to the taste and may furnish the most pleasure in its pursuit.

But physical and mental training, combined, will not suffice to make a man. There must be moral training. Like a great army without a commander is a physically and mentally-developed man with a dwarfed moral nature. Moral training must, however, be done mostly by others, and at a very tender age. After the age of discretion is reached, the moral nature should be fully developed. But if a young man finds himself possessed of a dwarfed moral nature, it is a duty he owes himself to try and correct the evil as quickly and fully as possible.

The greatest trouble, after all, comes from the fact that it is hard to develop these three sides of our natures in just the same proportion. It is evident that it is necessary for all three to be developed fully in order that we may reach ideal manhood.

So essential are they all and so mutually dependent the one on the other, that it may be regarded as a gross crime to seek to develop one at the expense of the others.

Above all, fellow-students, let us seek to be *true men*; men worthy of the name; men with independence of thought; men with opinions of our own; men above the pe-ty motives which actuate so many of our fellow-men; men with a lofty and noble ideal of life, earnestly endeavoring to attain that ideal; men with a clearly defined purpose in life, and honestly striving to carry out that purpose; men seeking to make the world better and happier for our having lived; men who will be missed and gratefully remembered when we are gone.

ROB.

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### The Removal of Libby Prison.

Much has been said and written on the subject of removing Libby Prison. Those who propose the plan must have some object in view. Whether the motive be good or bad, the final result will likely be the same. This result will be, without doubt, to revive memories of the late war. Many bitter feelings will be rekindled in the hearts of those who were once imprisoned there, as well as in the hearts of those who were imprisoned at other places. This class of men consti-

tute at least, we may say, five per cent. of the survivors of the late war, and would be quite an item in our population.

Now, all men freely admit that it is best not to do or say anything likely to recall unpleasant memories. Men who have once been prisoners of war, men who have passed through the bitter experiences which such a fate must necessarily bring about, care nothing about removing Libby Prison, but would prefer



perpetual silence in regard to it, or even that its name and all the memories entwined around it, that its very existence, should be buried in oblivion.

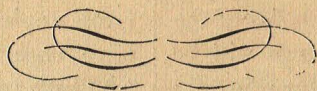
There are a few old croakers who want continual discord and strife between the North and South, and who will rejoice over the wrangling this thing will stir up all over the country. They are men who have no good will or brotherly feeling for any one, but seem to take a grim delight in making thrusts at others and imagining others to be returning the compliment, thus reminding one of the fretful porcupine.

There is another class of men who will rejoice over the matter, the political demagogues who seize on everything likely to carry out their selfish designs. These men profess to care for the welfare and happiness of the people, but in fact, the interest of the people is to their own interest as the mouse in size to the elephant. They have an eye on some position which the public vote must bestow, hence their honeyed words and fair promises. There has much been written and said in the last few years about the brotherly love and good feeling existing between the sections. But any one who has mingled freely with the people in their homes and talked candidly with them on this subject can testify that most

of this boasted good feeling is a myth. The present generation will have to pass away before the bitter feelings engendered by the late war will pass away. Of course anger cannot retain a white heat for twenty-three years, still there are clearly defined traces of it in the hearts of many at the present day. Then why should "the sleeping lion" be roused? Why should the public mind be turned to an unpleasant subject?

There is still another class of men, and let us hope this by far the greatest number, who are not affected personally, either directly or indirectly, by the agitation of the matter. They, as human beings, hate to see a subject broached which will be unpleasant to any one. The majority of the people of Richmond belong to this class, and would be equally contented to have the old walls remain undisturbed or torn down and carried to the uttermost parts of the earth. The people of Virginia, we may safely say, would be glad to blot out forever the memory, and still more pleased to annihilate the effect, of the civil war. So if the people of Chicago want to take Libby Prison into their midst, the Virginians would willingly give them the battlefields and all other unpleasant relics to take along with this coveted prize.

T. H. S. DAVIS.





## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The meetings of the Southern Baptist Convention recently held in this city, were interesting and profitable to many of us. To most of us it was the first opportunity in life to attend such a series of meetings, and seeing what is done by this great denomination, and seeing how it is done. Many things of interest were done and many excellent speeches made. Some one has said that there was more speaking done and less effort at speech-making than he has ever before known in such a meeting.

Here we learn a lesson and see its application: he who has nothing to say best displays his wisdom by remaining quiet.

Among the interesting features of the Convention not lost was the very urgent invitation from the churches of Chicago for the body to hold its next meeting with them. The invitation set forth, quite at length, the reasons for such an action. The people there thought, and justly, that the meeting of a representative body of Southern Baptists in a Northern city would be conclusive evidence to the world that the animosity of former days between the two great sections of our country exists, at least in the minds and hearts of Baptist people, no longer.

There are, and for many a year will be, some whose pleasure it is to try to arouse the quieted passions of the days and who will claim that the North is still an enemy to the South, and that the South has ceased not to hate the North. Such, however, is not the case, despite what demagogues and "cranks" may say.

That the Convention did not accept the

invitation is no rebuke upon the spirit of the action, nor any intimation that the Convention doubted the good will and sincerity of those who made it. The fact remains the same, but while for many reasons such an action might have been desirable, it would have been impracticable to have carried the meeting so far beyond the bounds of the work of the body.

As Southern people we are most heartily thankful to those people for the manifestation of such a spirit. We trust that it will not be long until among all denominations and among other than religious bodies there may be the open manifestation of that spirit of kindly feeling and brotherly love that is so desirable and that we confidently believe to exist.

Our people are, one and they have, as a body, come to the realization of that fact.

The line between North and South can no longer be found, for it is "among the things that were."

There are three reasons why every man should make the most of himself: 1st, He owes it to himself. 2d, He owes it to his fellow-man. 3d, He owes it to his God.

Every man has within him certain possibilities which it is his duty to convert into realities. Man is created with powers the development and exercise of which will make him an honor to himself and a blessing to humanity. These same powers allowed to remain dormant will cause him to be a worthless burden to himself; their misuse will make him



a disgrace to himself and a "counterfeit on humanity." "He who traduces himself sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law as well as he who hurts his neighbor." So, he who fails to be all that his native abilities make it possible for him to be, or who fails to do for himself all in his power, is guilty in the same way, if not in the same degree, as he who hinders another in his march toward glory and honor or toward renown or righteousness.

While man owes so much to himself, he is also under obligations, solemn and binding, to make the most of himself for others' sake. The world has need of all its talent, of all the powers that may be used for making it better. It must, indeed, be a strange sort of satisfaction that is felt by the man whose desires and efforts begin and end in personal advantage.

God, in his wisdom, has seen proper to place human happiness very largely in the power of the associates of the individual rather than that of the individual himself. Hence, as our actions are to affect the happiness of others, our words to cause them pain or bring them pleasure, we owe it to them to be all we can that is good and ennobling.

Then, by our influence, many an action on the part of a fellow-being is determined; and to him we owe a good example—a holy, helpful influence.

The world has a right to demand of us that we make the most of ourselves, and by however much we fail in this respect, by so much do we defraud the world of its due.

Then we owe it to God. Now we come

to the climax of obligation—to a subject upon which we almost fear to speak.

God has created us and given us powers, and capacity for their development, but to be developed and made more perfect by our own exertions. He gives us our powers, not perfectly developed and fully under control. He gives them to us in trust, and we owe it to him to make the most of that trust. He places before us a goal of happiness, an honor, and gives us high and holy aspirations after this.

If we fail to do all he has made us capable of accomplishing, we fail of what he has, by right of our creation, reason to demand of us.

Let us exercise all our powers, direct all our effort towards this end. We will find that thereby we have more happiness, higher conceptions of life, higher estimation for mankind, and more respect for ourselves.

Those of us who were so fortunate as to be present at the supper given by our Messing Club managers to the visitors during the Convention will remember with pleasure and profit the occasion. Not so much because of the ice cream and cake, which was certainly very nice, but because of a most excellent speech with which we were favored by Dr. Burleson, of Texas.

The Doctor is chairman of the faculty of the University of Waco, Texas, and the oldest college president in the United States.

Having been so long connected with students and others, he knew just what and how to say on an occasion such as this was. Having been introduced by Prof. Harris and asked to tell us why he



came so late (for he did not come until supper was almost over), he proceeded in a most happy style to detail the misfortunes that had happened causing him to be late. He then gave, in connection with his own experience, some excellent and appropriate advice to students. "Have," said he, "a purpose, and work for the accomplishment of that purpose."

His purpose in youth was to be one of the first scholars in the world, and he has worked through many years against many difficulties to be what he aimed to be when he started out in life.

Like many men of to-day he at first worked too hard at college, and perhaps too irregular, and wrecked his health. But he "had a purpose," and so regaining his health he commenced work to secure means to complete his education. From this his father attempted to dissuade him, choosing rather that he should marry a rich and beautiful young girl with whom he had been attracted. But he "had a purpose," and, regardless of Angelina's beauty or shining gold and his father's promised fortune if he would marry, he resolved to complete his education.

He did some preaching, and the old sisters in the country as well as some of the deacons and even ministers told him he could preach well enough and would ruin his health by attending school. They told him to stop school, marry a rich widow (at whom he seemed to have a chance) with a hundred negroes on her large farm, and settle down to work. But again he answered, "I have a purpose," and pressed forward to carry out that purpose.

He finished his education and became a great man. Nor are we to imagine that although he had let two opportunities at connubial happiness pass, he was doomed to live a bachelor.

For even then he found some one who was willing to become Mrs. Burleson. It is just such men as he that we need in our schools to-day. Men with a *purpose*, and a *determination to follow out that purpose*, regardless of circumstances or difficulties. Our young men of to-day meet with the same troubles that he encountered; are tempted by the same allurements that tried him. And too many, alas, are not able to resist. They conclude that the old sisters or deacons must know what they speak about, and so yield to their temptations, give up a noble purpose, and with it an honored position that awaited them in life had they continued in college.

Mary looks so sweet, talks so beautifully, in short, is such an angel that they cannot live without her, and so they cut short a college course, and commence life before they are ready for it. And they never became prepared for it. What we want, let us repeat, is a host of young men who can make everything else inferior and subservient to a grand and noble purpose. Who can fix their determination upon a shining mark in the world and refuse to be drawn aside by *anything* from the path that leads to that mark.

With this we look into a glorious future, without it into darkness almost of despair.





## OUR LETTER BOX.

[Address all communications to LETTER-BOX, Richmond College.]

*"Solo."*—We are quite pleased to hear that you will be with us next session to unite your talents with that of our artists. We have long had music stored away in "Bottles," but as this privilege will not be enjoyed much longer perhaps, it is to be hoped that you may well fill the vacancy. There hasn't been the least difficulty in getting our music started this session, for whenever we want a tune raised *high*, Mr. H., of West Virginia, is the man, and when we wish it pitched *low*, Mr. B., recently of Scotland, is the laddie for us.

*"R. F. Institute."*—After looking over numerous records of the Museum archives, we translated the following from a column of hieroglyphics on the mummy's coffin, and therefore give it unhesitatingly as the origin of the Dutch language: "A student of Alexandria was taking a summer trip through Europe, when one evening, stopping at a village inn and calling a boy, he said: 'Boy, extricate this quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, denote with an abundant supply of nutritious aliment, and when again the great luminary orb shall hall have arisen over the eastern horizon I will denote thee with a pecuniary compensation for thy amiable hospitality.' The boy went in and said, 'Master, there is a Dutchman out here who wants to see you.'"

*"Dear Tom."*—You ask what rules the students observe in keeping their

rooms neat. The nearest we can come to it are the following, given by Patrick Henry's grandmother to her niece, Maria Dinglelibertina: "You must take an interest and pride in your room. Put aways all your clothing and also keep the washstand neat and clean. Chairs are made to sit on, but not the bed. Keep all of your clothing, shoes, &c. in your wardrobe [but, Tom, we don't own one of these instruments]. Whenever you dress, no matter what the hurry is, unless the house is on fire, put your Sunday bonnet in the band-box and tie down the top, and leave your room neat, as all young ladies should. Last, but not least, unless you go to church or elsewhere and get home late, the *gas* must be put out by 10 o'clock. And finally, always shoo the ducks off the carpet before your uncle Patrick comes home."

*"Rockingham."*—Well, yes; we find the streets pretty dusty when it is dry. Our poet thus expresses it:

Sprinkle, sprinkle, water cart,  
How I wonder where thou art;  
When the street is hot and dry,  
Never can I find you nigh.

But when the clouded sun is set,  
And the streets with dew are wet  
Then you wing your little flight,  
Sprinkle, sprinkle, left and right.

*"Miss N. K. T."*—The gentleman, Mr. B., whom you have noticed going across the campus with a croquet mallet under his arm and with one slipper on, has been very indisposed in his left big



toe all this session. This toe got almost well at one time, but desiring to see a particular friend on Church Hill, he put on a tight shoe and went over, but when he got back his toe had a regular relapse. The consequence was that Mr. B. wore

that left slipper entirely out, and then got into the right one and wore it until nothing was left of it but its skeleton. We are glad, however, to say that said toe is almost well, and will soon be able to take its owner on another excursion to C. H.

## LOCALS.

Spring chicken and strawberries.

"Scramble around there, William, and get me some *scrambled* eggs."

'Tis sweet to speak,  
But oh! how bitter,  
To speak for a medal  
And then not *git 'er*.

Mr. E. B. states that Broad street will soon be *academized* in front of old "R. C."

Mr. W. O.: "Do you think Goldsmith's statement in the *Deserted Village* (verse 349), that birds didn't sing, is a fact?"

Mr. C.: "It was so hot they couldn't sing. I have seen birds up in trees with their wings drooping, their tongues hanging out, and panting just like dogs!"

Prof. H. (in Jr. II. Latin): "Mr. X., how many mistakes have you on your exercises?"

Mr. X.: "Nine, *Mein Herr*."

Recently Mr. B., of West Virginia, in a Senior English essay in opposition to the Blair bill, drew a brilliant and striking simile by saying that the people would be unwilling to stop receiving aid

after getting so much nourishment from the "paps" of *Uncle Sam*.

We suppose this was merely a genderical *lapsus penna*.

Miss F.—"Mr. B., does your father raise *poultry*?"

Mr. B.—"Well, yes, he raised some last year, but the *chickens* ate it up."

Mr. T.—"N., a friend of mine says that she will have a *debutante* from Tennessee with her next week."

Mr. N.—"I didn't know those things were in style. How do you wear them?"

Prof. H. to Mr. Q. (who cannot pronounce Greek)—"Greek is easier to pronounce than English."

Mr. Q.—"Professor, my Greek vocal chords are defective."

Miss S.—"Mr. I., I used to know *hic, haec, hoc* and those other irregular verbs, but I've really forgotten the most of them."

Mr. N. recently went to Baltimore to see his best girl, who is a Methodist. He arrived there Sunday morning, and going up to a stranger said, "Mister,



will you please tell me who is the pastor of the Methodist church here?"

The stranger smiled and said, "I believe there are several here; which one do you mean?"

Did you find her, "Maloney"?

A reunion of the old Philologians and Mu Sigma Rhonians of the College was held on Saturday afternoon, May 11, in the Mu Sig Society hall. Rev. A. B. Cabaniss, D. D., of Kentucky, presided. Highly entertaining speeches were made by Messrs. R. T. Hanks, of Texas; B. W. N. Simms, of Arkansas; President Dudley, of Georgetown College; Mr. Garnett, of California; Dr. Burleson, of Texas; Professor C. L. Cocke, of Hollins Institute; and Rev. T. B. Shepherd, of the Valley of Virginia.

Prof. Cocke told of the time when he was here, and how the students engaged in manual labor. "Instead of this beautiful campus, the same grounds were then planted in corn, cucumbers, and cabbage. When I first came, the boys cried out 'Fresh fish!' I used to plow a good deal, and finally I was able to plow as much as any of them, if not more. I was pretty soon made an overseer, and then, of course, I let the other boys plow."

From the Society Hall the old students were invited over into the new Mess Hall. Although the M. H. has but recently come out in a new dress, nevertheless we know that the boys of long ago must have been forcibly reminded of the good old times they used to have here before "de war." As they partook of the well-prepared "boss," we imagine that Hanks said to Garnett, "Well, old fellow, this is better than we used to get, isn't it?"

Mr. J.—"I declare they won't get me into *Jr. II. English* next year." This reminds us of the "Rat" that was going to take *Jr. IV. Latin*.

On Friday evening, May 18, our Societies closed for the session, by having the contest for the "Improvement" and "Best Debater's" Medals.

The "Improvement" boys of the Mu Sig. Society put up the question: "*Resolved*, That the negro has more cause of complaint against the white man than the Indian has." It was ably discussed by Messrs. Johnson, J. H. Whitehead, Nott-singer, Thomas, Irby, and Chambers. Several of the gentlemen got up among the clouds, but as Mr. Whitehead reached the stars he received the medal. Mr. H. W. Straley, of West Virginia, was nominated for and received without opposition, the "Best Debater's" Medal. Although this gentleman, being called home by the extreme illness of his mother, could not be at the contest, nevertheless his fellow Societymen, recognizing his ability both as a debater and orator, justly conferred this honor upon him. The unanimous way in which this honor was given, shows what a warm place the "young orator of the mountains of West Virginia" has in the hearts of the Mu Sigs.

The Philologian "Improvement" boys discussed the question: "*Resolved*, That the savage has a right to the land upon which he lives."

Messrs. Garrett and Trumbo appeared for the affirmative, while the negative was represented by Messrs. Brown and Dudley. Both *pro* and *con* were well defended, but as there was only one medal, and as *only one* had made the *most* improvement in debate during the session,



the Philogs decided that Mr. Dudley was *the one* to relieve them of said medal.

The contestants for the "Best Debater's" Medal debated the question, "*Resolved, That the Internal Revenue System should be abolished.*" Mr. J. D. Martin opened for the affirmative, Mr. Cruikshanks followed for the negative, and Mr. O. L. Martin closed with a ringing argument in favor of the resolution. The medal was awarded to "O. L." on the first ballot.

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By various persons I have heard it said  
 That the "parson's" boy has a red head;  
 What a blessing he'll be,  
 When at close of night,  
 And the "parson" is sleepy  
 And has not a light,  
 To be guided by the effulgent rays of his  
 head,  
 From out of his study up to his bed.

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Thursday afternoon, May 24, while looking out of an eastern window of our beloved "Third," we saw a number of gentle maidens quietly proceeding to the College Chapel. "Well, what does all this mean," thought we. So back to our room we went, changed our cuffs, wet our hair to make it stay down, put on our long-tailed coat, and went down to investigate.

Looking in and seeing the Chapel well filled with friends, and the next moment catching a glimpse of a College laddie sitting by an Institute lassie, we remembered at once that this was the time for the Reader's Contest for the Steel Medal which is made of gold (*cf.* catalogue).

Mr. J. T. Noel read about the "double twisted, back-action, patent trebled, semi-demi-quavered, Bostonian musical performance by some gentleman who was so electrified by this invisible art that he

went to a restaurant and called for hot music on the half-shell for two." Mr. C. T. Taylor read "Reflections on the Settlement of New England," by Webster, and Milton's description of "Satan's Encounter with Death." Mr. R. A. Cutler then told us about "Dan'l, the Jumping Frog of Calaveras." We believe that if Mr. C. had just poured that shot out of Dan'l and given him one more punch, that Dan'l would have taken the medal over any frog this side of Tennessee.

The other gentlemen that read were Messrs. S. T. Dickinson, Quisenberry, Carver, and Garrett. Each read two selections, and their excellence showed how carefully they had been trained by Prof. Pollard in the weekly Reading class. Mr. Carver, of Tennessee, to whom the medal was awarded, read selections entitled "Trout Fishing" and "God."

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CHEMISTRY NOTES.—We visited Prof. P's lecture-room not long since, and were so charmed with his statements that we must put them in reach of all of our student farmer boys.

He spoke as follows: "Well, Bowles, you were absent yesterday. How do you expect me to lecture when you are not here! We have drouth under discussion this morning. A drouth is a real good. I wouldn't do away with drouths if I could. Ten or fifteen years ago I advanced the theory that drouths are as necessary for the rest of the land as sleep is for the rest of the body. And, then, the dryer the soil the more rapidly water rises by capillary attraction to the surface. At this some said, 'Much learning hath made Puryear mad.' How charming is Divine Philosophy! When I wrote this article about fifteen years ago. A friend of mine of Mecklenburg



county, Va., of more than ordinary intelligence—well, he was very closely connected, he was my brother—upheld my theory. This theory is in all of the books now, but it came from me, boys. Don't you see, Hazen?

"In the mild September," as the poet says, tobacco must have very gentle showers, but quite heavy dews. That's so, isn't it Motley?

Then, Cravens, in the gentle September,

"We gather cotton side by side,  
My Bosie and I."

I wish I could quote more of that for you Cravens, but as you are from the cotton fields, I suppose you know the rest.

We now come to the subject of manures. I was out last year in the blue-grass region of Kentucky. A man that raises two barrels of corn to the acre had better be asleep. Some land is unproductive, it is unfruitful, it was born poor.

When I was at Randolph-Macon I had about twenty-five acres of land. I made it rich with manure from the village hotels. I had plenty of money then, and lots of negroes, and I didn't care if I did spend my time upon fertilizing that land. Don't you see, Sowers? Down here about Norfolk the people don't care about the quality of the land. Why, the land down there is as poor as Job's turkey hen. Cruikshanks, you "cut" me yesterday, but you didn't get anything better down at the Convention than what I've told you, though, did you?

Well, down at Norfolk they use about \$50 worth of fertilizers upon an acre of land every year, but, as they clear about \$200 or \$300 per acre by trucking, it is

all right. The memory of this land is very poor. Don't you see, Hundley?

Our printer, Mr. E. T. Walthall, now uses an electric motor for running his presses. Steam has been dispensed with. It is wonderful how much power is generated by this motor, which is only two feet long by one foot high.

What cottage boy tried to milk Prof. P's ninety-three-dollar cow and got hooked, but didn't get a drop of that "delicious liquid?"

The Southern Baptist Convention met in its thirty-third annual session at the First Baptist Church of Richmond, on Friday morning, May 11. Our professors, recognizing the great value of attending such an assembly, made almost an entire suspension of classes, and the students enjoyed a privilege which by the majority of us will be remembered as one of the brightest occasions in our College life.

Rev. J. P. Boyce, D. D., of the Louisville Theological Seminary, was elected President, and Professor L. B. Ely, Rev. John Pollard, D. D., Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D. D., and Judge J. Haralson, who are well known through the South, were elected Vice-Presidents. Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., and Rev. O. F. Gregory, D. D., were chosen Secretaries.

It is estimated that nearly eight hundred delegates were present. From Maryland and the Old Dominion on the northeast, to the Land of Flowers and Oranges on the south, across to Missouri on the west, and down to our great Lone Star State on the southwest, representatives of the Baptist cause came up to unite in one great conference.



To tell of the great talent and genius present would simply be impossible, but of the good and earnest work done by the Home and Foreign Mission Boards we will say a few things.

Rev. T. J. Tichenor, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Board, read the annual report of the Board, from which we take the following extracts: Missionaries employed, 287; churches and stations occupied, 1,114; sermons preached, 33,868; baptized, 4,857; houses of worship built, 64; Sunday schools organized, 431; teachers and pupils, 17,240. The principal work has been done in the following fields: In Arkansas they have employed 40 missionaries; Florida, 37; Indian Territory, 15; Louisiana, 21; Texas, 125; and in Cuba, 17.

The report concluded by saying:

"The work of the Board was never so prosperous. This is shown both by the increase of its receipts and amount of work it has done."

Rev. H. A. Tupper, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, in the report of his Board told of the Mission work in Mexico, South America, Europe, Africa, and China. A number of the Missionaries were present and gave stirring reports of their work in the field.

Brethren R. H. Graves, of Canton, China, John H. Fager, of Rome, Italy, and W. D. Powell, Saltillo, Mexico, were listened to with the greatest atten-

tion. Brother Powell made a powerful appeal for money to support four young men of the Seminary, that had promised to go back with him and preach the Glad Tidings of Christ in our sister Republic.

As Bro. Powell, in his quick, pleasant, humorous, and earnest way secured in so short a while a collection of \$3,450 in cash and subscriptions, and one diamond and one gold ring, we were unable to decide whether he or our own Dr. W. E. Hatcher should have the medal for raising collections.

Bro. Diaz, a native of Cuba, "the beloved missionary" of the Home Missionary Board to his own people, awakened a new and stirring interest in the work in Cuba.

On Sunday afternoon, May 13th, memorial services were held in honor of Dr. P. H. Mell, LL. D., who for fifteen years was the presiding officer of the Convention, and of Dr. M. T. Yates, Rev. E. E. Devault, and Mrs. R. H. Graves, missionaries to China.

A number of visiting brethren were present from our sister States of the far North. It was well said that at this time, as the Blue and Gray advanced upon the capital of the old Confederacy, it was to grasp hands under the shade of the "palms" and to encourage each other for the great warfare of our dear Lord and to hold sweet communion concerning that Union of Eternity which shall never be dissolved.





## In Memoriam.



RICHMOND COLLEGE,

May 28th, 1888.

WHEREAS it has pleased God to remove from earth our former college-mate and friend, ROBERT G. AUSTIN :  
Therefore, be it

*Resolved*, 1. That in his death we lose one whose pure, upright life, and gentle, courteous bearing won our highest regard and respect.

2. That while God's providence in removing one with so bright a promise of usefulness is to us inscrutable, yet we bow submissively to the will of our Heavenly Father who "doeth all things well," remembering that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

3. That our heartfelt sympathy be tendered to the bereaved parents and kindred in their grief and distress, believing that our brother is rejoicing in Heaven, and that as his friends welcomed him home laden with honors at the close of every session, so he is waiting to welcome them at life's close to an eternal home.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be printed in the *Richmond College Messenger*.

A. M. CARROLL,

FRED. W. BOATWRIGHT,

E. M. WHITLOCK,

*Committee.*



## EXCHANGES.

Now we must prepare for the June edition of our magazine, and such an unsatisfactory time for it, too. Final examinations are making their demands upon us, and the extremely warm weather now prevailing in our section renders the perusal of college papers an unpleasant and a somewhat difficult task.

The first magazine that comes before us is the *Bible College Exponent*, edited by the students of the theological department of Kentucky University. We are much pleased with this the first visit of the *Exponent* to our table, and right here we say, Come again.

We would modestly suggest to the editors of the *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* that, for the convenience of their readers and the enhancement of the value of their very excellent paper, they have more exchange matter, and not mix it with the news from the different colleges. We are glad to see so clear and forcible a refutation of the article published in *College Message*.

We appreciate the compliment paid to the *Messenger* by the *Ottawa Campus*; in regard to its cold criticism of our February number, we can only say it is just, and go on.

The *Portfolio*, of Hamilton, Ontario, is a paper worthy of commendation. We congratulate the young ladies who have it in charge.

The *Mirror*, from Bucknell University, is rather tame—i. e., for May. We ex-

cuse them, however, for no doubt its editors are studying for finals, as we are.

Much interesting reading is to be found in *College Rambler*. "Sentimentalism and Realism" is good. Mr. Johnson's "Prize Oration" exhibits careful reasoning and marked preparation. We think, though, that in a few years he will look back and see the mistake which he has made in regard to the Prohibition party.

*Hamilton College Monthly* is one of our best exchanges.

Here comes the *Dartmouth*. We are always glad to see it, for that is the college of Webster and of Choate. Its "Memoranda Alumnorum" is complete.

The mechanical execution of the *Williamington Collegian* is excellent. We congratulate the professors and students upon the united effort being made by them to extend the influence and increase the reputation of their college.

The *Occident* is one of the most conservative of college magazines. We don't mean to say that it has a superabundance of aristocracy or mug-wumpism, but it is high toned in every respect, and free from the frivolities and trifles which form a part of so many Eastern magazines.

Time, not space, forbids a notice of all exchanges. We acknowledge receipt of the following, besides those mentioned above: *College Journal*, *Fordham Monthly*, the *University Voice*, the *Uni-*



versity Cynic, Yankton Student, Virginia University Magazine, Educational Journal of Virginia, Hesperian, Reporter of Georgia University, Student Life, Lutherville Seminarian, the Guardian, and W. P. I.

“The Richmond College Messenger might be improved in various ways, but principally by retiring to private life the young man who makes a Sahara-like waste of one whole page of the paper

with his dreary ‘Letter-Box.’”—*The W. P. I.*, Worcester, Mass.

We observe that the *W. P. I.* has a corps of ten editors, and that its May issue contains only twenty pages of literary (?) matter. The quality of the paper upon which it is printed seems to be very good, but if it takes ten men to get up its “remarks,” and an extra man to see that their work doesn’t fall through, the Dark Continent will now have to turn aside and yield the “palm” to the “*Sahara ten*” of the *W. P. I.*

### COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

“When my winks in vain are wunk,  
And my last stray thoughts are thank,  
Who saves me from a shameful flunk?  
My pony.—*Ex.*”

The \$25,000 which a Harvard student offered the University some time ago for the erection of an immense swimming tank, has been accepted.

Divinity students are in the majority as college foot-ball captains. The captain of the Yale College foot-ball team for the coming season, Corbin, is a prospective clergyman, and like his friend Stagg, of the base-ball team, is an active supporter of the religious movement brought about in American colleges by Prof. Drummond, of Edinburgh University. Cowan, the newly-elected captain of Princeton foot-ball team, is an enthusiastic divine, and George Manchester, of Wesleyan, who is to manage the college team, is an earnest missionary worker.

Mr. Herbert Spencer works three hours a day, dictating all his writings. His favorite amusement is playing billiards.

Syracuse University has received the library of the late Dr. Leopold von Ranke, purchased for it some months since. The collection numbers more than 50,000 volumes.

Professor Thould Rogers, who has been re-elected Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, is an interesting old man with stooping figure, keen eyes, a bitter and biting speech, but a tender, sympathetic heart.

The Amherst student, whose “cuts” amount to more than one tenth of his recitation hours, makes up the deficit at the rate of a dollar an hour to the instructing professor.—*Ex.*

The daughter of Prof. Simon Newcomb is the only female student at the Johns Hopkins University.

Jenny Lind, the celebrated “Swedish Nightingale,” has left a noteworthy will, in which she, among other charitable donations, bequeaths 50,000 crowns each to the Universities of Lund and Upsala, to be used for needy students of a Protestant faith. Jenny Lind has always



been known to be a free giver, both to individuals and to public charitable institutions.

Yale students want one week taken off the summer and added to the Christmas vacation.

Over one hundred Cornell students have organized a boycott against the Ithaca stores because the town authorities have forbidden them to give the college yell in the streets.

Ann Arbor Republican students held a mock Republican Convention last week, at which there were 412 student delegates, representing nearly every State and territory in the Union.

The University nine, on Saturday, 21, played the *Journal* nine a game of ball. The University nine was composed of Stephens and Bigelow, and the *Journal* nine of two professionals, two darkeys, and a hired all-round man. At the end of the sixth inning, Stephens asked them if they had enough, and they thought they had. The score then was 31 to 3 in favor of the University nine. Of the three scores made by the *Journal*, a darkey made two, and was paid a dollar therefor. "Base-ball is a fake, anyhow."

A new marking system is soon to be inaugurated at Columbia, whereby high-grade men will be exempt from examinations.

At a recent ball game by the students of the University of Tennessee, a shameful and fatal affray took place. One of the players got into a dispute with the umpire, who, to settle matters, had recourse to a liberal application of the bat on the head of the player. The result was that the injured student died within two hours. And these are gentlemen!

The undergraduates of Yale are objecting vigorously to the proposed removal of the "fence" in order to make room for a new building. At a recent meeting of the students resolutions were passed and a committee appointed, who will spend \$250 in collecting objections from seven thousand alumni.

The University of Paris, the oldest in the world, was founded in 1200 A. D., six years earlier than Oxford.

Madison University does not allow its students to marry during their course.

There are at present one hundred and thirty students at the Yale Divinity School.

WRONG DIAGNOSIS.—Good minister: "What! weeping? I have come just in time. You are experiencing a change of heart?" Unregenerate girl: "N-o, my heart hasn't changed, but, boo-hoo, his has."

The Indiana Supreme Court has decided that college students of legal age have the right of voting in college towns.

The largest observatory dome in the world is being made in Cleveland for the University of Michigan. It weighs ten tons, and has a diameter of forty-five feet four inches at the base.—*Ex.*

South Carolina College will be reorganized next fall under the name of the State University of South Carolina.

"Pa," said Bertha the other day, "why do they call a ship she?" "Because, my daughter, she is always on the lookout for the buoys."

There are thirty-seven Japanese students at the University of Michigan.

The Harris collection of American Poetry, numbering 6,000 volumes, has been presented to Brown University.



The American school at Athens has obtained permission of the Greek government to make excavations at Kephissia, where they expect to uncover a long lost temple.

The Michigan University pays \$148,000 yearly to its professors and employees.

Stagg, of Yale, will return to college next year as the college Y. M. C. A. secretary.

Gordon Taylor Hughes, son of the American consul at Birmingham, Eng-

land, has won a Cambridge scholarship, valued at \$2,000. He beat fifty-one competitors, and is the first American scholar to win an English scholarship.

Yale's new gymnasium will cost \$300,000.

The Hon. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, has a clock of which the works were made in Geneva in 1779, and the case by an uncle of President Cleveland in 1820.

Brown University has just received \$20,000 from an Englishman.



—THE—

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